

You graver grow—and so do we
As we draw nearer to the sea,
Our mirth is scattered far behind,
The echoes floating on the wind,
Retain a part of you and me
That's ever free—free.

Ahem! I declare! The song is almost as long as the river—and as free and as lawless as the spring freshet.

Glad my wife didn't hear it! She would hold me guilty of desecration. Sybil is as much an attribute of the river as are the wild ducks that plunge in its waters, or the willows that fringe its banks. And she rules with the authority of Diana.



(Boating at Bedford.)

Sybil—No, I mean the river—after the last mill on its course is passed, may seem to the casual observer, to have nothing more to offer. But the sportsman and the fisherman find here a happy hunting ground.

It is a favorite resort for ducks and wild geese; while its waters are teeming with choice varieties of lake fish. The mink and the musk rat barrow in its banks.